been dragged up our six miles of ascent and gradient of 4000 feet, and follow the fairy route of the flower garden below the snow-drifts, on one side, and the forest of hundreds of terrible icy peaks, all over 15,000 feet, on the other. Following the line of the melting snow, the flowers bloom gorgeous as in an English garden, and according to the law of altitude, for we are now at 10,000 feet, the plants are dwarfed that the blooms may be larger and richer in colour than below, So the mauve and pink iris is spotted snake-wise, and the yellow and white ranunculus race down the avalanche bed, and the true blue gentian shames the pert mauve of the merry widow primula, and side by side with the white snow flowers, inseparable as good from evil, the green lilies, shaded Into nun's grey, bow their bells as if to conceal their dreadful-looking blood-stained interiors—flowers, as *I* once heard remarked of an orchid, that one would be sorry to meet alone on a dark night. But, most effective of all, the dwarfed

columbine hangs giant bells of duskiest
imperial purple, generally behind the shelter
of a stone, as different as possible from
the tall white bells of the same flower